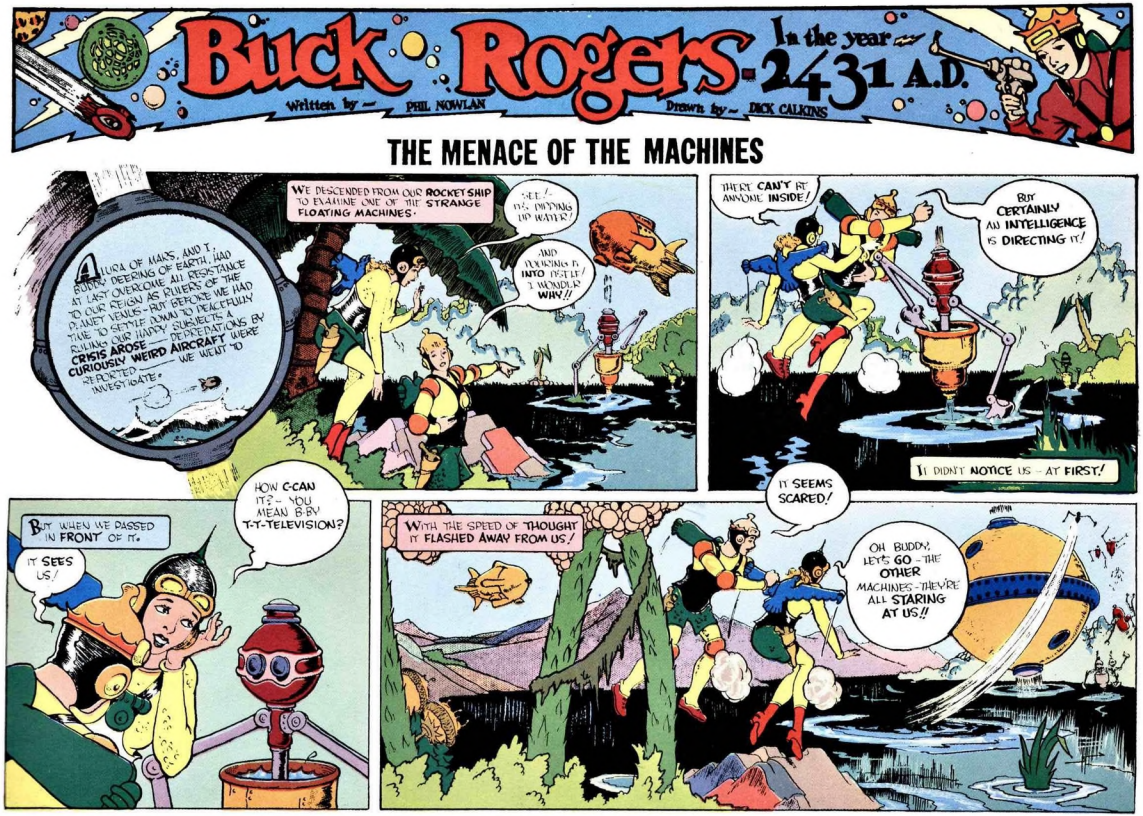
# Buck Rogers 15th Century A.D.

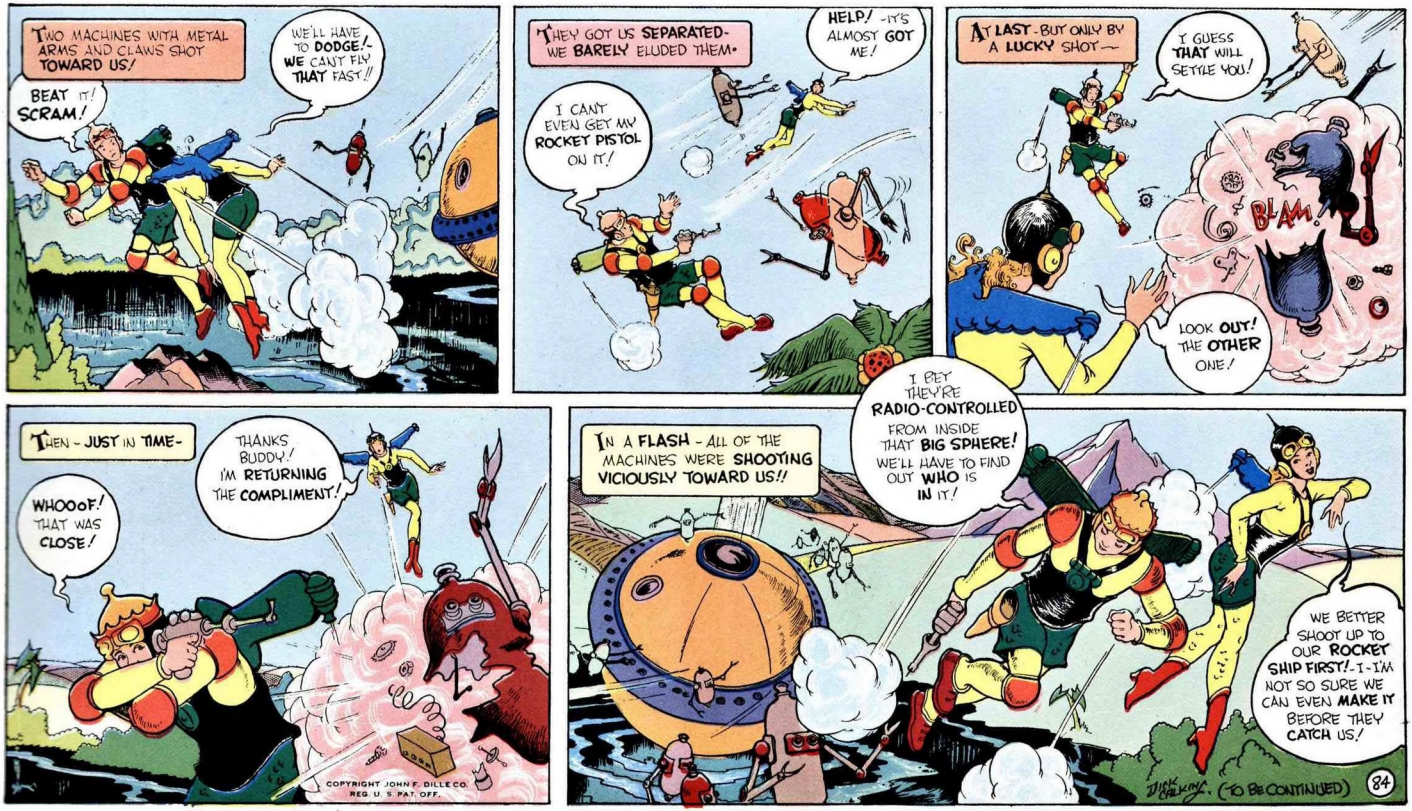
## Sunday Story 06

# "Prisoners of Alpha Centauri"

November 1, 1931 to January 24, 1932
Series I Strips 84 to 96

by Russell Keaton


Buck Rogers
In the year 2431 A.D.
Written by — PHIL NOWLAN
Drawn by — DICK CALKINS
THE MENACE OF THE MACHINES
ALURA OF MARS, AND I, AFTER BEERING OF EARTH, HAD AT LAST OVERCOME ALL RESISTANCE TO OUR REIGN AS RULERS OF THE PLANET VENUS - BUT BEFORE WE HAD TIME TO SETTLE DOWN TO PEACEFULLY RULING OUR HAPPY SUBJECTS A CRISIS AROSE — DEPREDATIONS BY CURIOUSLY WEIRD AIRCRAFT WERE REPORTED — WE WENT TO INVESTIGATE.
WE DESCENDED FROM OUR ROCKET SHIP TO EXAMINE ONE OF THE STRANGE FLOATING MACHINES.
SEE! IT'S DIPPING UP WATER!
AND LOOKING IN INTO ITS! I WONDER WHY!!
THERE CAN'T BE ANYONE INSIDE!
BUT CERTAINLY AN INTELLIGENCE IS DIRECTING IT!
IT DIDN'T NOTICE US — AT FIRST!
IT SEEMS SCARED!
WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT IT FLASHED AWAY FROM US!
OH BUDDY, LET'S GO - THE OTHER MACHINES - THEY'RE ALL STARING AT US!!
BUT WHEN WE PASSED IN FRONT OF IT.
IT SEES US!
HOW C-CAN IT? - YOU MEAN B-BY T-T-TELEVISION?


TWO MACHINES WITH METAL ARMS AND CLAWS SHOT TOWARD US!
WE'LL HAVE TO DODGE!- WE CAN'T FLY THAT FAST!!
BEAT IT! SCRAM!
THEY GOT US SEPARATED- WE BARELY ELUDED THEM.
HELP! -IT'S ALMOST GOT ME!
I CAN'T EVEN GET MY ROCKET PISTOL ON IT!
AT LAST - BUT ONLY BY A LUCKY SHOT—
I GUESS THAT WILL SETTLE YOU!
BLAM!
LOOK OUT! THE OTHER ONE!
THEN - JUST IN TIME -
THANKS BUDDY! I'M RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT!
WHOOOF! THAT WAS CLOSE!
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IN A FLASH - ALL OF THE MACHINES WERE SHOOTING VICIOUSLY TOWARD US!!
I BET THEY'RE RADIO-CONTROLLED FROM INSIDE THAT BIG SPHERE! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO IS IN IT!
WE BETTER SHOOT UP TO OUR ROCKET SHIP FIRST!- I - I'M NOT SO SURE WE CAN EVEN MAKE IT BEFORE THEY CATCH US!
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)
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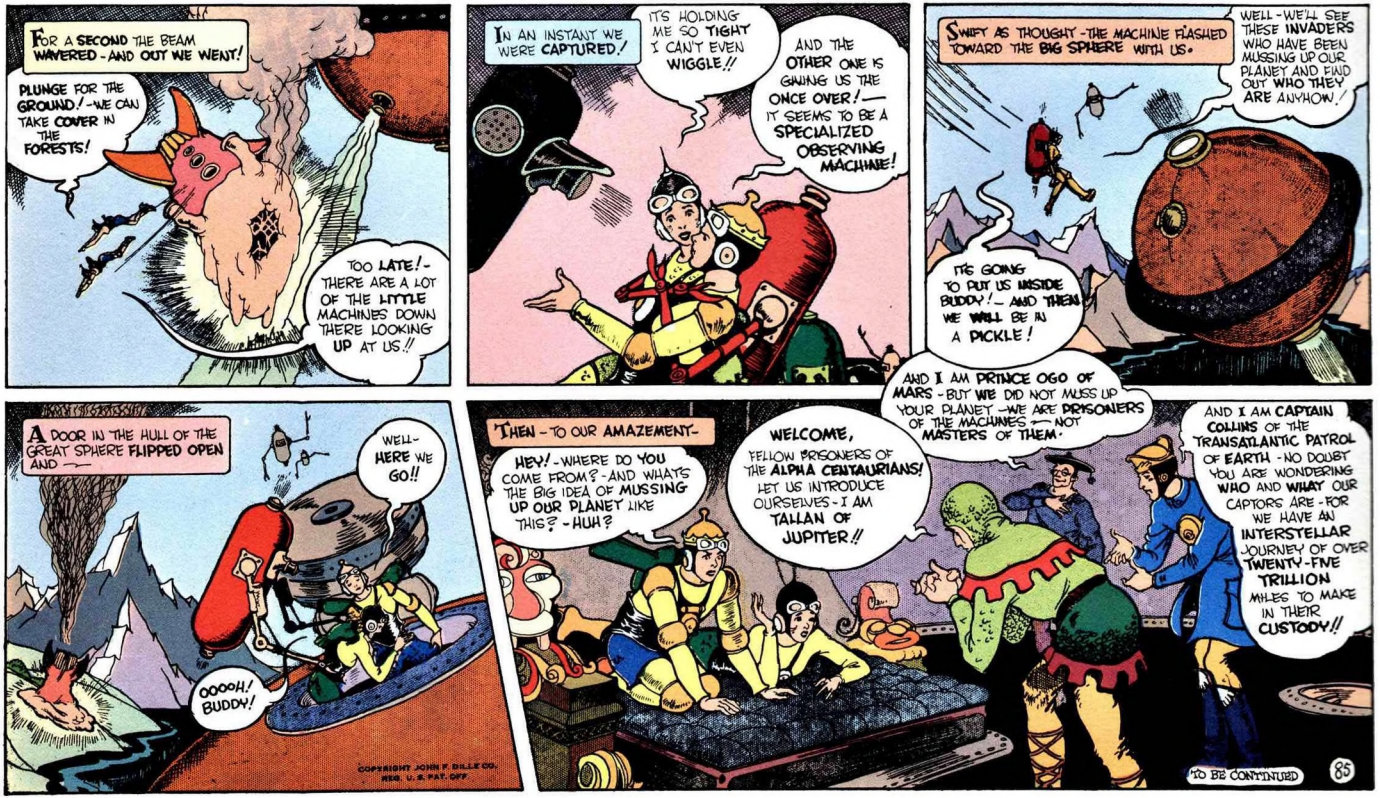
Buck Rogers
In the year 2431 A.D.
Written by— PHIL NOWLAN
Drawn by— DICK CALKINS
THE RADIO PRISONERS
ALURA AND I DESPERATELY TRIED TO ELUDE THE FLOATING MACHINES WHICH OPERATED WITH HUMAN INTELLIGENCE, AND WHICH THREATENED TO END OUR REIGN AS SUPREME MONARCHS OF THE PLANET VENUS.
WE BARELY REACHED THE NET OF OUR ROCKET SHIP AHEAD OF OUR STRANGE PURSUERS.
THEY ALMOST GOT US THAT TIME!
THAT LAST TWIST SAVED US!
THEN WE LOOPED AND WENT AT THEM!!
THE LITTLE MACHINES SCATTERED - BUT THE GREAT SPHERE CAME ON!!
IT FLASHED A HEAT RAY AT US!
INSIDE OUR ROCKET SHIP -
THE SHIP IS MELTING APART!!
OH THIS TERRIBLE HEAT - I'M - I'M SUFFOCATING!
WE'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT!
OUR CRAFT WAS DRIPPING AND POURING AWAY!!


FOR A SECOND THE BEAM WAVERED - AND OUT WE WENT!
PLUNGE FOR THE GROUND! - WE CAN TAKE COVER IN THE FORESTS!
TOO LATE! - THERE ARE A LOT OF THE LITTLE MACHINES DOWN THERE LOOKING UP AT US!!
IN AN INSTANT WE WERE CAPTURED!
IT'S HOLDING ME SO TIGHT I CAN'T EVEN WIGGLE!!
AND THE OTHER ONE IS GIVING US THE ONCE OVER! — IT SEEMS TO BE A SPECIALIZED OBSERVING MACHINE!
SWIFT AS THOUGHT - THE MACHINE FLASHED TOWARD THE BIG SPHERE WITH US.
WELL - WE'LL SEE THESE INVADERS WHO HAVE BEEN MUSSING UP OUR PLANET AND FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE ANYHOW!
IT'S GOING TO PUT US INSIDE BUDDY! - AND THEN WE WILL BE IN A PICKLE!
A DOOR IN THE HULL OF THE GREAT SPHERE FLIPPED OPEN AND —
WELL - HERE WE GO!!
OOOOH! BUDDY!
COPYRIGHT JOHN F. DILLE CO. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THEN - TO OUR AMAZEMENT -
HEY! - WHERE DO YOU COME FROM? - AND WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF MUSSING UP OUR PLANET LIKE THIS? - HUH?
WELCOME, FELLOW PRISONERS OF THE ALPHA CENTAURIANS! LET US INTRODUCE OURSELVES - I AM TALLAN OF JUPITER!!
AND I AM PRINCE OGO OF MARS - BUT WE DID NOT MUSS UP YOUR PLANET - WE ARE PRISONERS OF THE MACHINES — NOT MASTERS OF THEM.
AND I AM CAPTAIN COLLINS OF THE TRANSATLANTIC PATROL OF EARTH - NO DOUBT YOU ARE WONDERING WHO AND WHAT OUR CAPTORS ARE - FOR WE HAVE AN INTERSTELLAR JOURNEY OF OVER TWENTY-FIVE TRILLION MILES TO MAKE IN THEIR CUSTODY!!
TO BE CONTINUED
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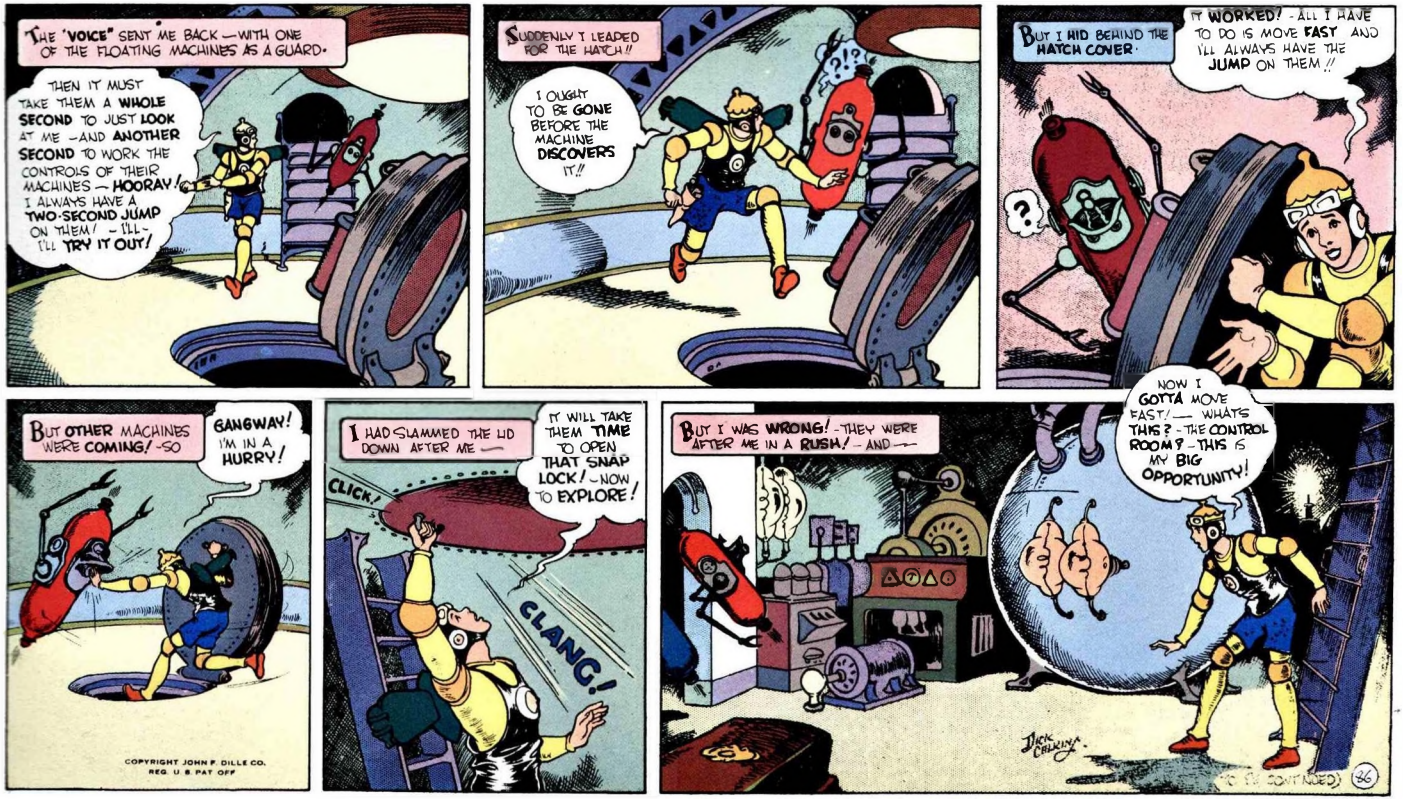
Buck Rogers
In the year 2431 A.D.
Written by — PHIL NOWLAN
Drawn by — DICK CALKINS
THE VOICE OF ALPHA CENTAURI
STRANGE MACHINES, OPERATED THROUGH SOME FORM OF RADIO CONTROL BY INTELLIGENT BEINGS FROM A DISTANT STAR, HAD MADE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE PLANET VENUS. ALURA AND I, PRISONERS OF THE MACHINES, HAD BEEN TAKEN ABOARD A VAST SPHERICAL SPACE SHIP, WHERE WE FOUND AS FELLOW PRISONERS, TALLAN OF JUPITER, PRINCE OGO OF MARS, AND CAPTAIN COLLINS OF EARTH.
THEY ENLIGHTENED US—
THE MACHINES INVADED JUPITER FIRST, THEN MARS, THEN EARTH.
BUT ALPHA CENTAURI IS OVER 25 TRILLION MILES AWAY!
THEY TOOK SAMPLES OF EVERYTHING ON EACH PLANET— WE'RE ALL JUST PART OF THEIR SAMPLES.
EVEN IF WE WENT A THOUSAND MILES A MINUTE IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN 40 THOUSAND YEARS TO REACH THERE!! HOW ARE THEY GOING TO GET US THERE?
YOU WILL BE SUMMONED BEFORE THE "VOICE OF ALPHA" IN A MINUTE - MAYBE THE "VOICE" WILL TELL YOU!
THEN ONE OF THE STRANGE MACHINES FLOATED IN AND—
YOU! COME FOLLOW INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE VOICE!
I WON'T! NO MACHINE CAN ORDER ME AROUND LIKE THIS— I'LL—
IT'S NO USE FIGHTING, BUDDY— YOU CAN'T LICK A STEEL MACHINE— BETTER GO PEACEFULLY!
I WAS TAKEN IN FRONT OF A HUGE STRANGE CONTRIVANCE.
SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BURSTING INTO OUR PLANET AND TAKING ME PRISONER?— DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE RULER HERE!
GOOD! THAT MAKES YOU A MORE VALUABLE SPECIMEN TO US!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE - I CAN'T LIVE FORTY THOUSAND YEARS WHILE THIS SHIP GOES TO YOUR STAR.
YOU WON'T HAVE TO— TRAVELLING AT ONE-HALF THE SPEED OF LIGHT YOU'LL GET HERE IN EIGHT OR NINE OF YOUR YEARS!
I WAS TERRIFIED AT THE PROSPECT!
WH-WHAT?! B-BUT THEN IT MUST TAKE YOUR RADIO OVER FOUR YEARS TO REACH HERE - AND YOU'RE ANSWERING MY QUESTIONS RIGHT AWAY!
AH! BUT WE SHOOT OUR RADIO ALONG AN INTERQUANTAL RAY! — IT REDUCES THE RELUCTIVITY OF SPACE AND REACHES YOU IN ONE SECOND - IT'S A MILLION TIMES AS FAST AS ORDINARY RADIO!
YOU ARE SPOOFING ME!


THE "VOICE" SENT ME BACK — WITH ONE OF THE FLOATING MACHINES AS A GUARD.
THEN IT MUST TAKE THEM A WHOLE SECOND TO JUST LOOK AT ME — AND ANOTHER SECOND TO WORK THE CONTROLS OF THEIR MACHINES — HOORAY! I ALWAYS HAVE A TWO-SECOND JUMP ON THEM! — I'LL — I'LL TRY IT OUT!
SUDDENLY I LEAPED FOR THE HATCH!!
?!?
I OUGHT TO BE GONE BEFORE THE MACHINE DISCOVERS IT!!
BUT I HID BEHIND THE HATCH COVER.
IT WORKED! — ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MOVE FAST AND I'LL ALWAYS HAVE THE JUMP ON THEM!!
?
BUT OTHER MACHINES WERE COMING! — SO
GANGWAY! I'M IN A HURRY!
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I HAD SLAMMED THE LID DOWN AFTER ME —
IT WILL TAKE THEM TIME TO OPEN THAT SNAP LOCK! — NOW TO EXPLORE!
CLICK!
CLANG!
BUT I WAS WRONG! — THEY WERE AFTER ME IN A RUSH! — AND —
NOW I GOTTA MOVE FAST! — WHAT'S THIS? — THE CONTROL ROOM? — THIS IS MY BIG OPPORTUNITY!
JACK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)
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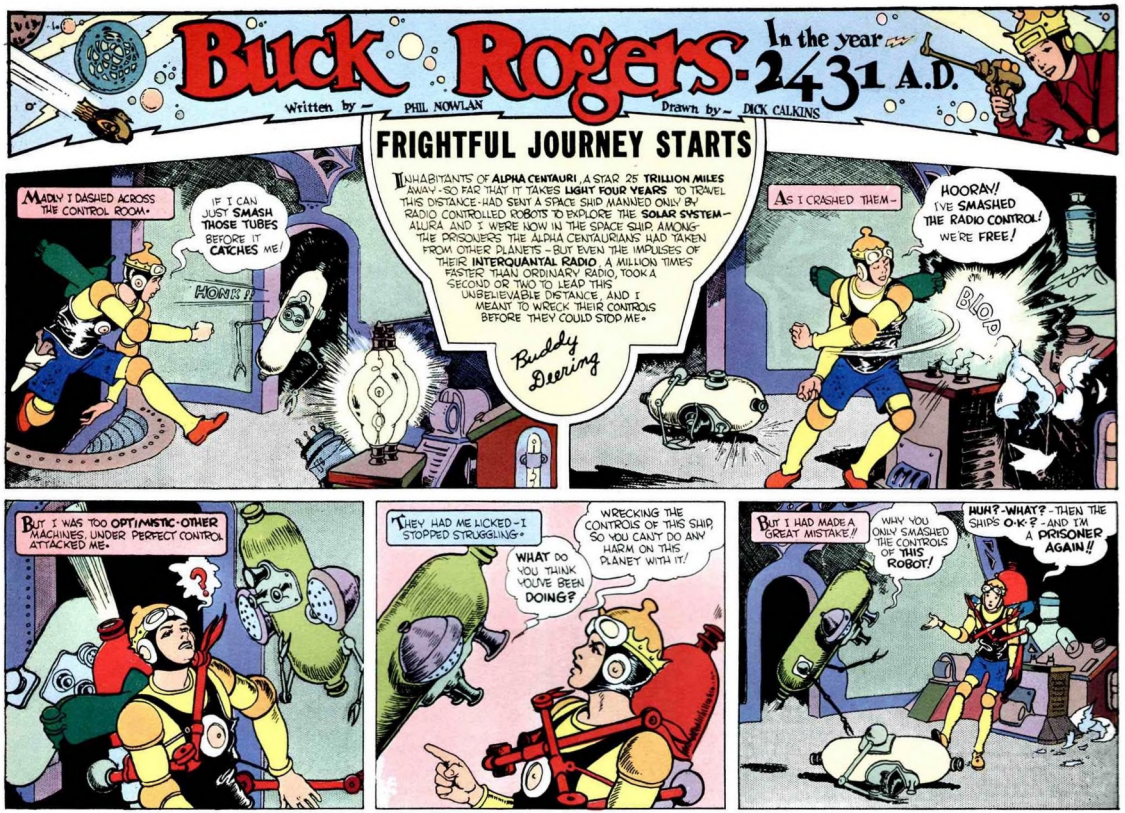
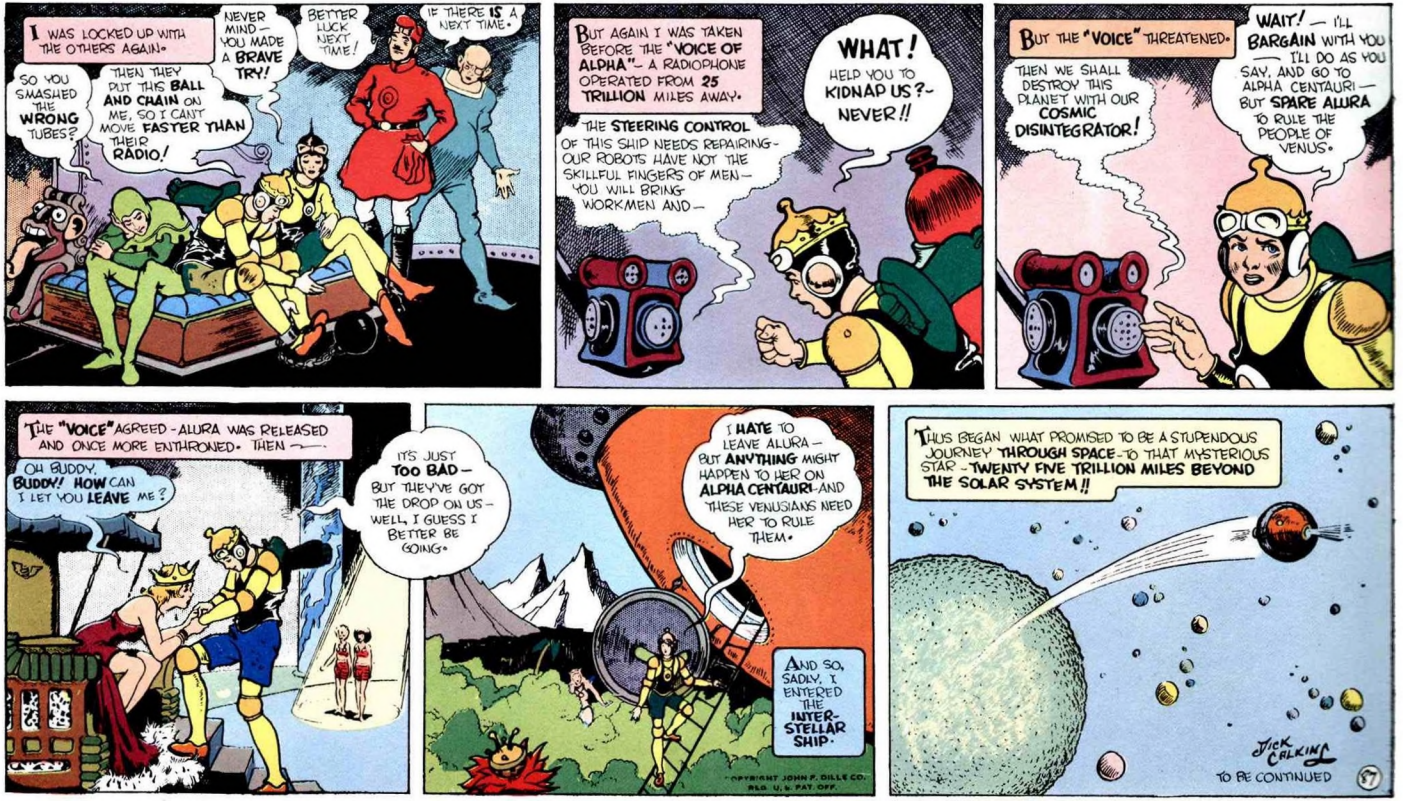

Buck Rogers
In the year 2431 A.D.
Written by — PHIL NOWLAN
Drawn by — DICK CALKINS
FRIGHTFUL JOURNEY STARTS
INHABITANTS OF ALPHA CENTAURI, A STAR 25 TRILLION MILES AWAY - SO FAR THAT IT TAKES LIGHT FOUR YEARS TO TRAVEL THIS DISTANCE - HAD SENT A SPACE SHIP MANNED ONLY BY RADIO CONTROLLED ROBOTS TO EXPLORE THE SOLAR SYSTEM - ALURA AND I WERE NOW IN THE SPACE SHIP AMONG THE PRISONERS THE ALPHA CENTAURIANS HAD TAKEN FROM OTHER PLANETS - BUT EVEN THE IMPULSES OF THEIR INTERQUANTAL RADIO, A MILLION TIMES FASTER THAN ORDINARY RADIO, TOOK A SECOND OR TWO TO LEAD THIS UNBELIEVABLE DISTANCE, AND I MEANT TO WRECK THEIR CONTROLS BEFORE THEY COULD STOP ME.
Buddy Deering
MADLY I DASHED ACROSS THE CONTROL ROOM.
IF I CAN JUST SMASH THOSE TUBES BEFORE IT CATCHES ME!
HONK!!
AS I CRASHED THEM -
HOORAY!! I'VE SMASHED THE RADIO CONTROL! WE'RE FREE!
BLOO
BUT I WAS TOO OPTIMISTIC - OTHER MACHINES, UNDER PERFECT CONTROL ATTACKED ME.
THEY HAD ME LICKED - I STOPPED STRUGGLING.
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN DOING?
WRECKING THE CONTROLS OF THIS SHIP, SO YOU CAN'T DO ANY HARM ON THIS PLANET WITH IT!
BUT I HAD MADE A GREAT MISTAKE!!
WHY YOU ONLY SMASHED THE CONTROLS OF THIS ROBOT!
HUH? - WHAT? - THEN THE SHIP'S O.K.? - AND I'M A PRISONER AGAIN!!


I WAS LOCKED UP WITH THE OTHERS AGAIN.
SO YOU SMASHED THE WRONG TUBES?
THEN THEY PUT THIS BALL AND CHAIN ON ME, SO I CAN'T MOVE FASTER THAN THEIR RADIO!
NEVER MIND — YOU MADE A BRAVE TRY!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!
IF THERE IS A NEXT TIME.
BUT AGAIN I WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE "VOICE OF ALPHA" — A RADIOPHONE OPERATED FROM 25 TRILLION MILES AWAY.
THE STEERING CONTROL OF THIS SHIP NEEDS REPAIRING — OUR ROBOTS HAVE NOT THE SKILLFUL FINGERS OF MEN — YOU WILL BRING WORKMEN AND —
WHAT! HELP YOU TO KIDNAP US? — NEVER!!
BUT THE "VOICE" THREATENED.
THEN WE SHALL DESTROY THIS PLANET WITH OUR COSMIC DISINTEGRATOR!
WAIT! — I'LL BARGAIN WITH YOU — I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, AND GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI — BUT SPARE ALURA TO RULE THE PEOPLE OF VENUS.
THE "VOICE" AGREED - ALURA WAS RELEASED AND ONCE MORE ENTHRONED. THEN —
OH BUDDY, BUDDY! HOW CAN I LET YOU LEAVE ME?
IT'S JUST TOO BAD — BUT THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON US — WELL, I GUESS I BETTER BE GOING.
I HATE TO LEAVE ALURA — BUT ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN TO HER ON ALPHA CENTAURI AND THESE VENUSIANS NEED HER TO RULE THEM.
AND SO, SADLY, I ENTERED THE INTER-STELLAR SHIP.
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THUS BEGAN WHAT PROMISED TO BE A STUPENDOUS JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE - TO THAT MYSTERIOUS STAR - TWENTY FIVE TRILLION MILES BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM!!
DICK CALKINS
TO BE CONTINUED
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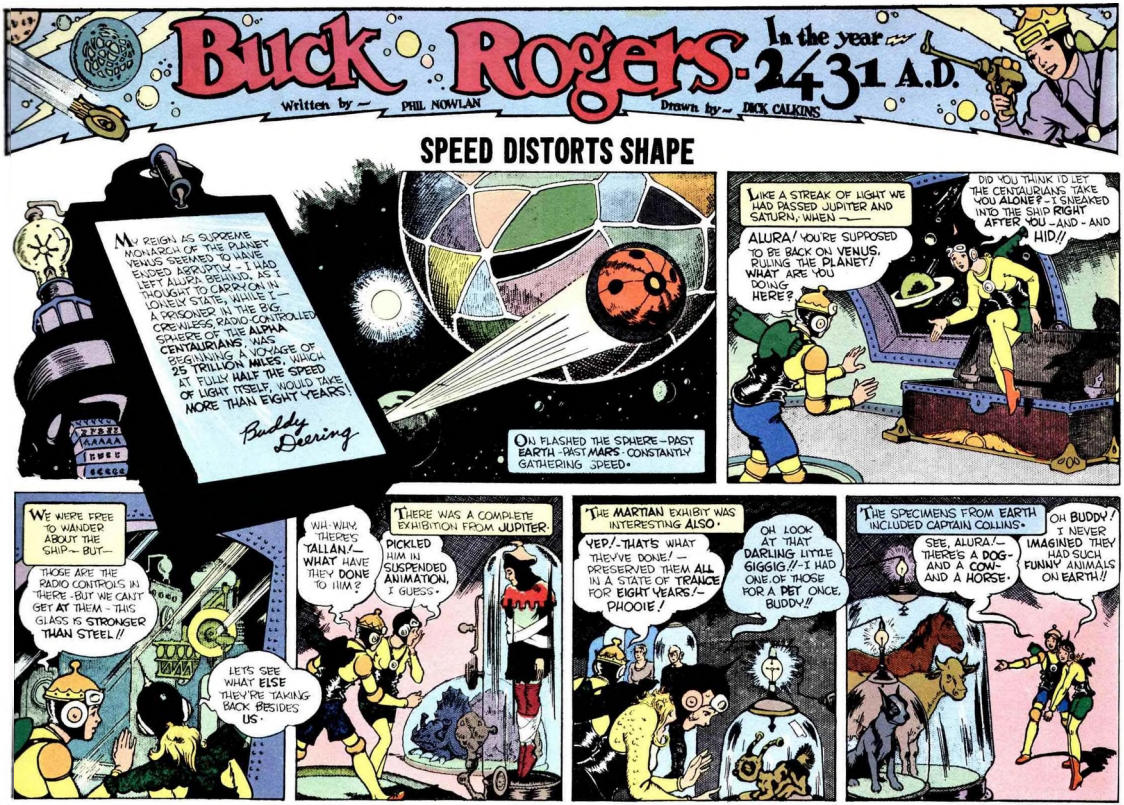
Buck Rogers
In the year 2431 A.D.
Written by — PHIL NOWLAN
Drawn by — DICK CALKINS
SPEED DISTORTS SHAPE
My reign as supreme monarch of the planet Venus seemed to have ended abruptly. I had left Alura behind, as I thought to carry on in lonely state, while I — a prisoner in the big, crewless, radio controlled sphere of the Alpha Centaurians, was beginning a voyage of 25 trillion miles, which at fully half the speed of light itself, would take more than eight years!
Buddy Deering
On flashed the sphere — past Earth — past Mars — constantly gathering speed.
Like a streak of light we had passed Jupiter and Saturn, when —
Alura! You're supposed to be back on Venus, ruling the planet! What are you doing here?
Did you think I'd let the Centaurians take you alone? — I sneaked into the ship right after you — and — and hid!!
We were free to wander about the ship — but —
Those are the radio controls in there — but we can't get at them — this glass is stronger than steel!!
Let's see what else they're taking back besides us.
There was a complete exhibition from Jupiter.
Wh-why, there's Tallan! — what have they done to him?
Pickled him in suspended animation, I guess.
The Martian exhibit was interesting also.
Yep! — that's what they've done! — preserved them all in a state of trance for eight years! — Phooie!
Oh look at that darling little giggig!! — I had one of those for a pet once, Buddy!!
The specimens from Earth included Captain Collins.
See, Alura! — there's a dog — and a cow — and a horse.
Oh Buddy! I never imagined they had such funny animals on Earth!!

WE WONDERED WHY WE HAD BEEN LEFT AWAKE.—WE ASKED THE "VOICE":
WHY?
YEAH—WHY?
BECAUSE YOU ARE YOUNG—AND HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.—LOOK NOW, IN THE TELEVISION, AND SEE THE THREE PLANETS THAT REVOLVE ABOUT THE DOUBLE SUN OF ALPHA CENTAURI!
WE SAW ROTA, THE WORLD OF THE RED CENTAURIANS.
JANDA, PLANET OF THE GOLDEN CENTAURIANS WAS QUITE DIFFERENT.
AND SERULA, HOME OF THE BLUE CENTAURIANS, WAS A MOST AMAZING WORLD.
WITH EVER INCREASING SPEED WE FLASHED ON — OUT OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
OH BUDDEE! WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? — YOU'RE GETTING SHORT — AND BROAD!
S-S-SO ARE YOU!!
AS OUR SPEED INCREASED WE GOT STILL SHORTER! AND BROADER!
IS—IS IT AN OPTICAL ILLUSION, BUDDY?
NO!—I KNOW WHAT IT IS NOW! IT'S THE LORENTZ-FITZGERALD CONTRACTION!—AT SPEEDS COMPARABLE TO THAT OF LIGHT, THINGS GET SHORTER IN THE DIRECTION OF THEIR MOTION!
THEN SUDDENLY!—AS WE LOOKED IN THE FORWARD TELEVISION!—
A COMET!—DEAD AHEAD!!
AND WE'RE TRAVELLING FIFTY-THOUSAND MILES A SECOND!—WH-WHAT WILL HAPPEN WH-WHEN WE HIT IT?
(TO BE CONTINUED)
DICK CALKINS
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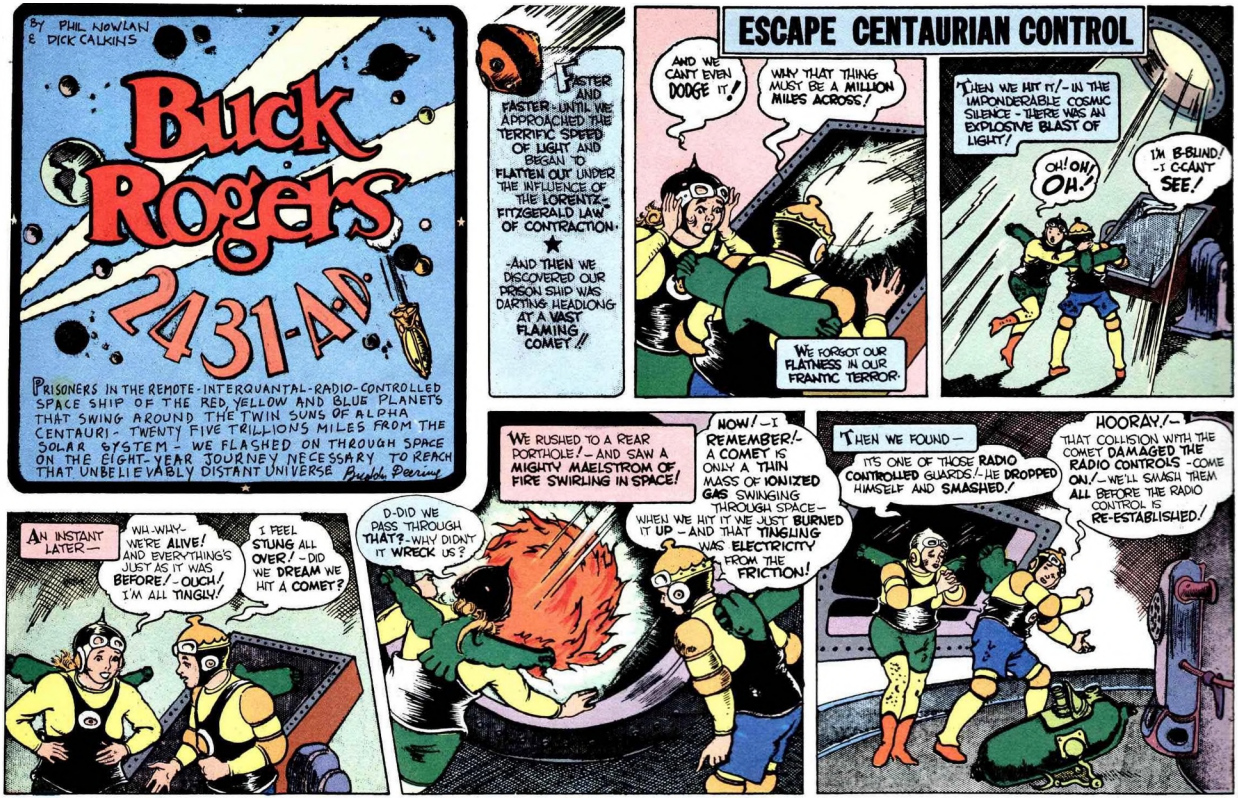
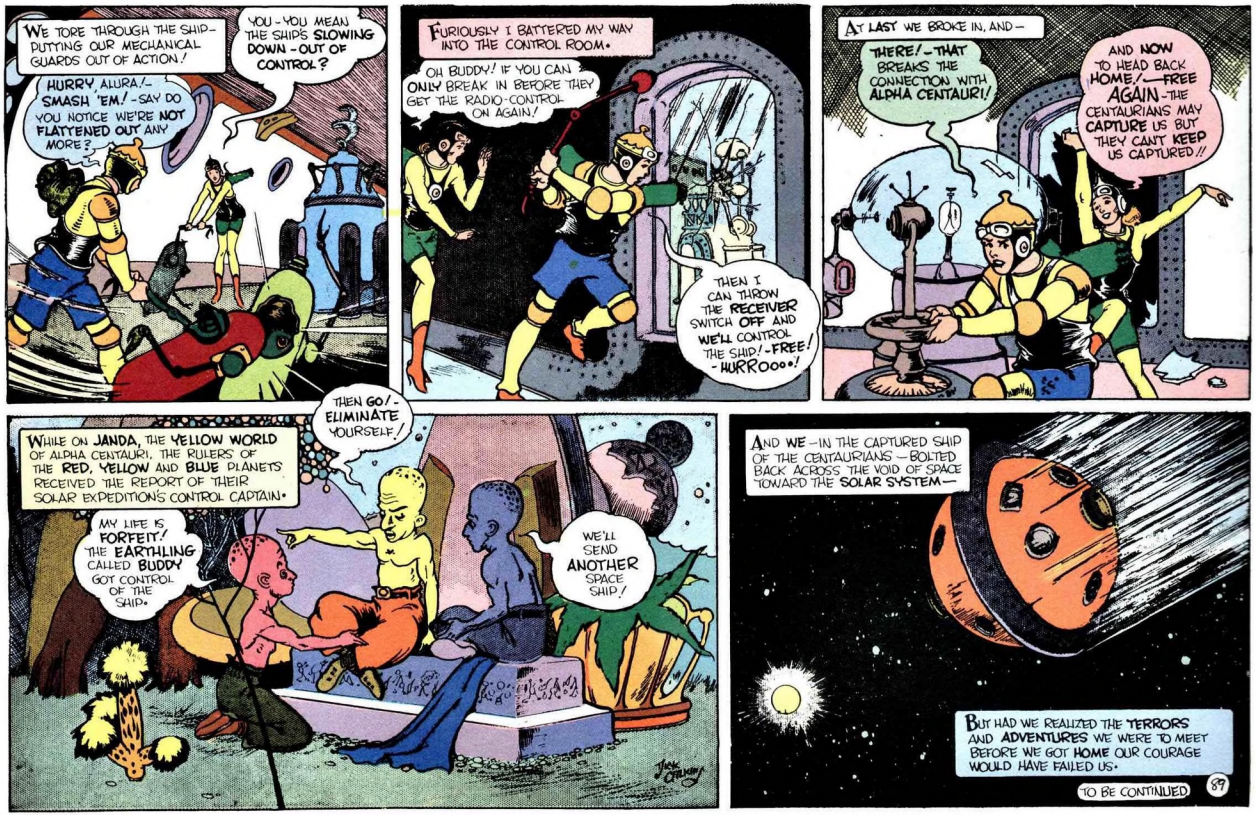

BY PHIL NOWLAN & DICK CALKINS
Buck Rogers
2431-A.D.
PRISONERS IN THE REMOTE-INTERQUANTAL-RADIO-CONTROLLED SPACE SHIP OF THE RED, YELLOW AND BLUE PLANETS THAT SWING AROUND THE TWIN SUNS OF ALPHA CENTAURI - TWENTY FIVE TRILLIONS MILES FROM THE SOLAR SYSTEM - WE FLASHED ON THROUGH SPACE ON THE EIGHT-YEAR JOURNEY NECESSARY TO REACH THAT UNBELIEVABLY DISTANT UNIVERSE
Buck Rogers
FASTER AND FASTER - UNTIL WE APPROACHED THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF LIGHT AND BEGAN TO FLATTEN OUT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE LORENTZ-FITZGERALD LAW OF CONTRACTION.
-AND THEN WE DISCOVERED OUR PRISON SHIP WAS DARTING HEADLONG AT A VAST FLAMING COMET!
ESCAPE CENTAURIAN CONTROL
AND WE CAN'T EVEN DODGE IT!
WHY THAT THING MUST BE A MILLION MILES ACROSS!
WE FORGOT OUR FLATNESS IN OUR FRANTIC TERROR.
THEN WE HIT IT/- IN THE IMPONDERABLE COSMIC SILENCE - THERE WAS AN EXPLOSIVE BLAST OF LIGHT!
OH! OH! OH!
I'M B-BLIND! -I C-CAN'T SEE!
AN INSTANT LATER—
WH-WHY- WE'RE ALIVE! AND EVERYTHING'S JUST AS IT WAS BEFORE/- OUCH! I'M ALL TINGLY!
I FEEL STUNG ALL OVER! - DID WE DREAM WE HIT A COMET?
WE RUSHED TO A REAR PORTHOLE!- AND SAW A MIGHTY MAELSTROM OF FIRE SWIRLING IN SPACE!
D-DID WE PASS THROUGH THAT?- WHY DIDN'T IT WRECK US?
NOW!-I REMEMBER!- A COMET IS ONLY A THIN MASS OF IONIZED GAS SWINGING THROUGH SPACE-
WHEN WE HIT IT WE JUST BURNED IT UP - AND THAT TINGLING WAS ELECTRICITY FROM THE FRICTION!
THEN WE FOUND—
IT'S ONE OF THOSE RADIO CONTROLLED GUARDS!- HE DROPPED HIMSELF AND SMASHED!
HOORAY!- THAT COLLISION WITH THE COMET DAMAGED THE RADIO CONTROLS - COME ON!- WE'LL SMASH THEM ALL BEFORE THE RADIO CONTROL IS RE-ESTABLISHED!


WE TORE THROUGH THE SHIP—PUTTING OUR MECHANICAL GUARDS OUT OF ACTION!
YOU—YOU MEAN THE SHIP'S SLOWING DOWN—OUT OF CONTROL?
HURRY, ALURA!—SMASH 'EM!—SAY DO YOU NOTICE WE'RE NOT FLATTENED OUT ANY MORE?
FURIOUSLY I BATTERED MY WAY INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.
OH BUDDY! IF YOU CAN ONLY BREAK IN BEFORE THEY GET THE RADIO-CONTROL ON AGAIN!
THEN I CAN THROW THE RECEIVER SWITCH OFF AND WE'LL CONTROL THE SHIP!—FREE!—HURROOO!
AT LAST WE BROKE IN, AND—
THERE!—THAT BREAKS THE CONNECTION WITH ALPHA CENTAURI!
AND NOW TO HEAD BACK HOME!—FREE AGAIN—THE CENTAURIANS MAY CAPTURE US BUT THEY CAN'T KEEP US CAPTURED!!
WHILE ON JANDA, THE YELLOW WORLD OF ALPHA CENTAURI, THE RULERS OF THE RED, YELLOW AND BLUE PLANETS RECEIVED THE REPORT OF THEIR SOLAR EXPEDITION'S CONTROL CAPTAIN.
MY LIFE IS FORFEIT! THE EARTHLING CALLED BUDDY GOT CONTROL OF THE SHIP.
THEN GO!—ELIMINATE YOURSELF!
WE'LL SEND ANOTHER SPACE SHIP!
AND WE—IN THE CAPTURED SHIP OF THE CENTAURIANS—BOLTED BACK ACROSS THE VOID OF SPACE TOWARD THE SOLAR SYSTEM—
BUT HAD WE REALIZED THE TERRORS AND ADVENTURES WE WERE TO MEET BEFORE WE GOT HOME OUR COURAGE WOULD HAVE FAILED US.
TO BE CONTINUED
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BUCK ROGERS
written by - PHIL NOWLAN
drawn by - DICK CALKINS
IN THE YEAR 2431 A.D. SEEMINGLY HELPLESS PRISONERS IN THE RADIO CONTROLLED SPACE SHIP OF THE ALPHA CENTAURIANS, FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM ON AN EIGHT YEAR JOURNEY TO THAT STRANGE CONSTELLATION, MORE THAN TWENTY FIVE TRILLION MILES AWAY - WE HAD MANAGED TO WREST CONTROL OF THE SHIP FROM OUR CAPTORS, AND NOW WERE FLASHING BACK TOWARD THE SOLAR SYSTEM AT ONE-QUARTER THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
ON WE SPED.
SEE BUDDY! THE SUN LOOKS AS BIG AS A PINHEAD NOW!
YEAH! ACCORDING TO THE GAUGE WE'RE FORTY BILLION MILES AWAY, AND OFF TO ONE SIDE OF THE ECLIPTIC.
I SET OUR COURSE - AND LOCKED THE CONTROLS.
HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO LIBERATE COLLINS, TALLAN AND OGO!
AND SEE IF WE CAN REVIVE THEM!
WE GOT THEM OUT OF THE TUBES IN WHICH THE CENTAURIANS HAD BEEN PRESERVING THEM.
B-BUT WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ON THEM — EVEN ELECTRICITY — AND THEY DON'T SHOW SIGNS OF WAKING UP!
NOTHING WE CAN DO. I GUESS BUT LEAN THEM UP AGAINST THE WALL AND WAIT.
MANY DAYS PASSED - THE CENTAURIANS HAD PROVIDED PLENTY OF FOOD FOR US - BUT—
THERE'S NO MORE WATER! - IT'S GOOD WE DID BREAK LOOSE FROM THEIR CONTROL - WE'D HAVE DIED OF THIRST LONG BEFORE WE REACHED ALPHA CENTAURI!
WELL, WE'LL STOP ON NEPTUNE AND REFILL THE TANKS - WE CAN MAKE IT IN A FEW HOURS.
BUT AS WE FLASHED DOWN TOWARD THE PLANE OF THE ECLIPTIC — WE WERE WRENCHED SUDDENLY FROM OUR COURSE BY A MYSTERIOUS FORCE!

WE LEAPED AT ONCE TO THE CONTROLS, BUT—
A GREAT, DARK PLANET!—WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO IT!
WE'RE CAUGHT IN ITS GRAVITATIONAL PULL!—AND GOING TOO FAST TO SWERVE!—NOTHING TO DO BUT LAND AS GENTLY AS WE CAN!
WE CAME DOWN WHERE GIGANTIC WAVES CRASHED AMONG HUGE CRAGGY ROCKS IN A PERPETUAL OMINOUS TWILIGHT!!!
BUT THE AIR WAS BREATHABLE—SO WE CLIMBED OUT.
OOOOO.!! ISN'T IT GLOOMY!—I FEEL AS HEAVY AS LEAD!
THIS MUST BE THAT PLANET "P" THAT PROFESSOR WILLIAM H. PICKERING PREDICTED—500 YEARS AGO IN 1931—WOULD BE FOUND SOMEDAY—THE LARGEST PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, EXCEPT JUPITER AND SATURN!
WE DRAGGED A HOSE LINE DOWN TO THE EDGE OF THE WATER.
OH HURRY, BUDDY!—I DON'T LIKE THIS PLANET! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
THIS IS FRESH WATER—WE'LL PUMP THE TANKS FULL—AND BEAT IT AS FAST AS WE CAN!
© JOHN DILLE CO
THEN!—AS WE LOOKED BACK TOWARD OUR SHIP!
OH BUDDY! LOOK—LOOK! THAT GIGANTIC BEAST!!
WE'RE CUT OFF!!—HE'S GOT OUR SHIP!
FRANK FRAZETTA
(TO BE CONTINUED)
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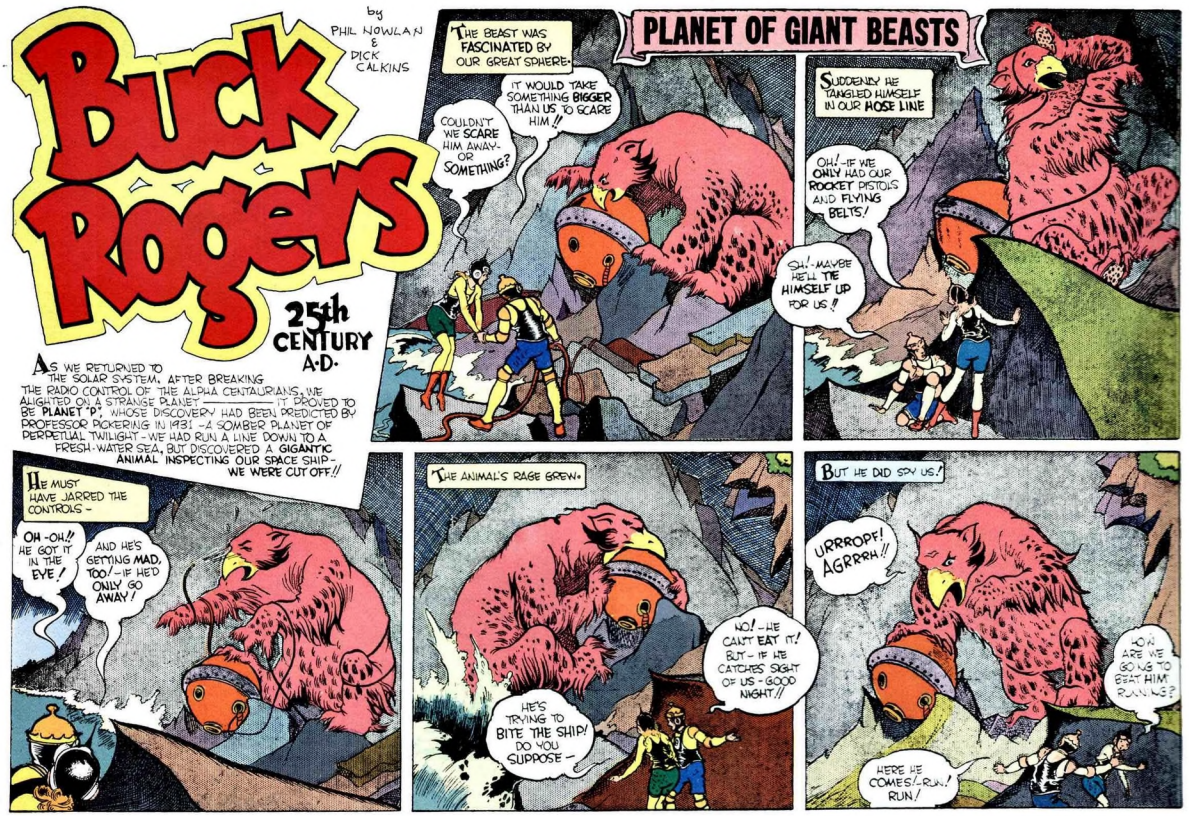
Buck Rogers
25th CENTURY A.D.
by PHIL NOWLAN & DICK CALKINS
AS WE RETURNED TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM, AFTER BREAKING THE RADIO CONTROL OF THE ALPHA CENTAURIANS, WE ALIGHTED ON A STRANGE PLANET — IT PROVED TO BE PLANET "P" WHOSE DISCOVERY HAD BEEN PREDICTED BY PROFESSOR PICKERING IN 1931 - A SOMBER PLANET OF PERPETUAL TWILIGHT - WE HAD RUN A LINE DOWN TO A FRESH-WATER SEA, BUT DISCOVERED A GIGANTIC ANIMAL INSPECTING OUR SPACE SHIP - WE WERE CUT OFF!!
PLANET OF GIANT BEASTS
THE BEAST WAS FASCINATED BY OUR GREAT SPHERE.
IT WOULD TAKE SOMETHING BIGGER THAN US TO SCARE HIM!!
COULDN'T WE SCARE HIM AWAY - OR SOMETHING?
SUDDENLY HE TANGLED HIMSELF IN OUR HOSE LINE
OH! - IF WE ONLY HAD OUR ROCKET PISTOLS AND FLYING BELTS!
SH! - MAYBE HE'LL TIE HIMSELF UP FOR US!!
HE MUST HAVE JARRED THE CONTROLS -
OH-OH!! HE GOT IT IN THE EYE!
AND HE'S GETTING MAD, TOO! - IF HE'D ONLY GO AWAY!
THE ANIMAL'S RAGE GREW.
NO! - HE CAN'T EAT IT! BUT - IF HE CATCHES SIGHT OF US - GOOD NIGHT!!
HE'S TRYING TO BITE THE SHIP! DO YOU SUPPOSE -
BUT HE DID SPY US!
URRROPF! AGRRRH!!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO BEAT HIM RUNNING?
HERE HE COMES! - RUN! RUN!

WE COULD SCARCELY DRAG OURSELVES ALONG!!
OH BUDDY!- I FEEL CRUSHED ARE WE PARALYZED?
NO!-IT'S OUR WEIGHT!-THIS PLANET'S SO BIG WE WEIGH SEVERAL TIMES WHAT WE WOULD ON EARTH OR VENUS!- MAKE FOR THAT GAP BETWEEN THE ROCKS!
WE REACHED THE REFUGE JUST IN TIME!!!
THERE NOW — HE CAN'T EVEN GET HIS HEAD BETWEEN THESE ROCKS!
N-NO- B-BUT HE C-CAN P.P.P-PARK RIGHT HERE AND W-WAIT TO S-STARVE US OUT!!
THEN SUDDENLY THE BEAST WAS GONE!- AND TERRIBLE ROARS DINNED ON OUR EARS!
G-GOOD N-NIGHT!-WHAT'S THAT?-M-MORE OF THEM?
I D-D-DON'T TH-THINK SO- IT S-SOUNDS LIKE A F-FIGHT!!
AT LAST I GOT UP NERVE TO LOOK OUT!-AND
COME HERE!- QUICK!-LOOK!- SOME KIND OF SEA DRAGON- FIGHTING THE BEAST!!
THEN -TO OUR HORROR!!!
OH! OH!- BUDDY! HE'LL SMASH OUR SHIP!
IF HE DOES WE'LL BE MAROONED ON THIS PLANET FOREVER!
TO BE CONTINUED
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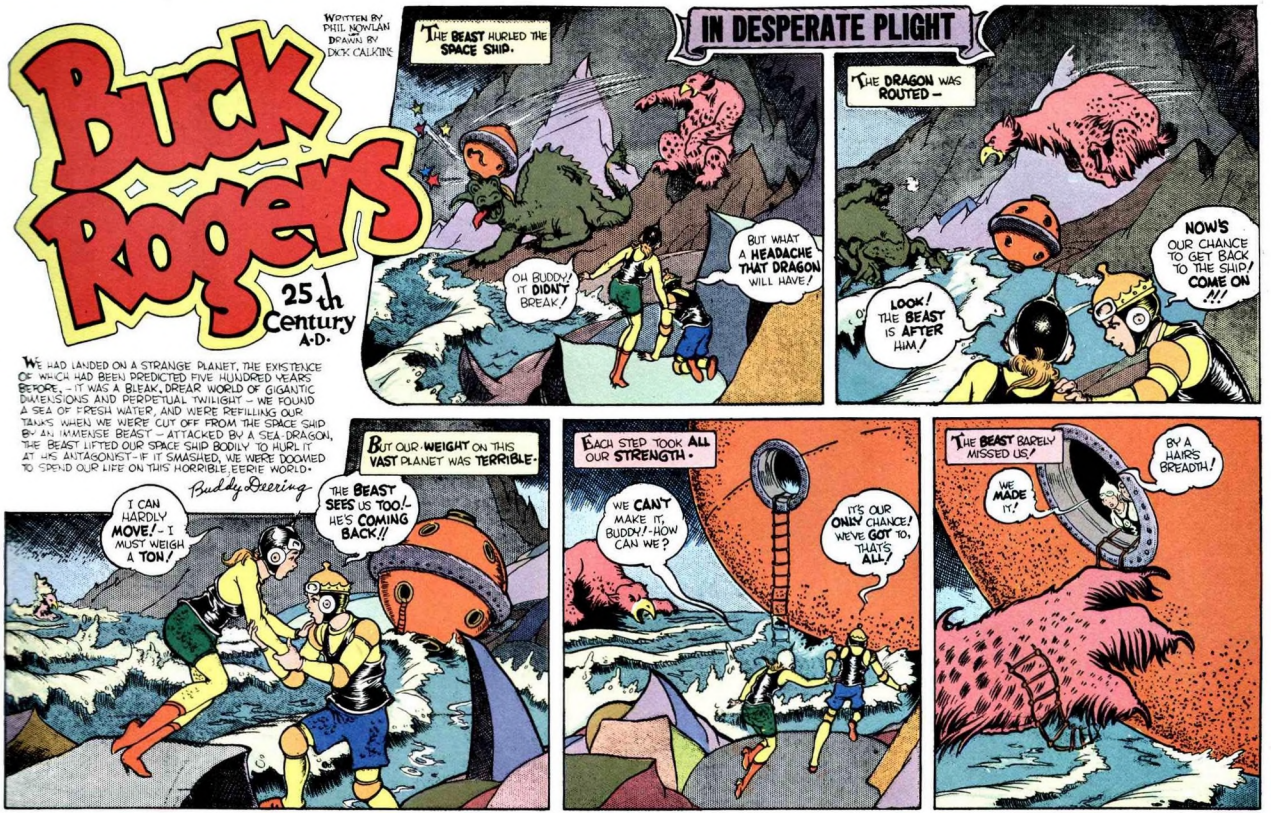
Buck Rogers
25th Century A.D.
Written by Phil Nowlan
Drawn by Dick Calkins
IN DESPERATE PLIGHT
THE BEAST HURLED THE SPACE SHIP.
OH BUDDY! IT DIDN'T BREAK!
BUT WHAT A HEADACHE THAT DRAGON WILL HAVE!
THE DRAGON WAS ROUTED —
LOOK! THE BEAST IS AFTER HIM!
NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP! COME ON!!!
WE HAD LANDED ON A STRANGE PLANET, THE EXISTENCE OF WHICH HAD BEEN PREDICTED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE, — IT WAS A BLEAK, DREAR WORLD OF GIGANTIC DIMENSIONS AND PERPETUAL TWILIGHT — WE FOUND A SEA OF FRESH WATER, AND WERE REFILLING OUR TANKS WHEN WE WERE CUT OFF FROM THE SPACE SHIP BY AN IMMENSE BEAST — ATTACKED BY A SEA-DRAGON, THE BEAST LIFTED OUR SPACE SHIP BODILY TO HURL IT AT HIS ANTAGONIST - IF IT SMASHED, WE WERE DOOMED TO SPEND OUR LIFE ON THIS HORRIBLE, EERIE WORLD.
Buddy Deering
I CAN HARDLY MOVE! - I MUST WEIGH A TON!
THE BEAST SEES US TOO! - HE'S COMING BACK!!
BUT OUR WEIGHT ON THIS VAST PLANET WAS TERRIBLE.
EACH STEP TOOK ALL OUR STRENGTH.
WE CAN'T MAKE IT, BUDDY! - HOW CAN WE?
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO, THAT'S ALL!
THE BEAST BARELY MISSED US!
BY A HAIR'S BREADTH!
WE MADE IT!

I THREW THE GREAT BOLTS— THE SHIP LURCHED VIOLENTLY.
NOW WE'RE SAFE BUT—
HE MUST BE CLIMBING ALL OVER US!
THE HUGE ANIMAL WAS BATTING THE SPHERE AROUND,— FORTUNATELY WE FELL INTO THE CONTROL ROOM!
IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE CONTROLS!
OUCH! OH, MY HEAD!
BUT I DID MANAGE TO REACH THEM.
NOW! ON WITH THE POWER!
IT'S STEADIED US— EVEN THOUGH HE'S STILL BATTING AT US, BUDDY! WE'RE NOT RISING OFF THE GROUND!
AT LAST- JERKILY -UNSTEADILY, WE LURCHED SLUGGISHLY UPWARD!
I- I WONDER WHY WE DON'T GO HIGHER! -WE SEEM TO HAVE REACHED OUR "CEILING" ALREADY!
IT'S THE BEAST! COME QUICK! -LOOK! HE'S STILL CLINGING TO US!!
WE COULD RISE NO FARTHER! WE DARED NOT LAND! -AND THE BEAST, WITH INEXHAUSTIBLE STRENGTH CLUNG TIGHT!!
(TO BE CONTINUED) 92

Buck Rogers
25th CENTURY A.D.
Written by Phil Nowlan
Drawn by Dick Calkins
Oh we floated sluggishly.
ARRR-RUFF!! ARRRRRUF!
Gradually the jagged lava rocks of the weird seacoast disappeared behind us—we drifted over a "forest" of waving, animated plants, they reached hungrily up toward us.
Only yesterday we stumbled upon us which we landed on Alpha 4 "D". The inhabitable of which had been destroyed 500 years before. In fact we seemed to weigh tons. The growth was so great and massive. A great beast, larger than our ship, was clinging to it. So weak was our power by comparison, that we barely dented along, low over the desolate landscape, like a silent low balloon.
Buddy Deering
We're desperate.
Oh Buddy—isn't there some way we can shake this beast off?
No!—his weight makes us too sluggish to maneuver.
Suddenly a red beam stabbed up from the dank forest below!! The beast roared—and fell!!
SPzzzFT! VEOWW!
But as we shot upward—relieved of the beast's weight—a yellow beam flashed after us—engulfing our space-sphere in golden light.

EVEN MORE TONS SEEMED ADDED TO OUR WEIGHT.
WE'RE FALLING !!
IT MUST BE THAT YELLOW BEAM- ITS AN ATTRACTOR BEAM! -THIS WORLD MUST BE INHABITED!!
DOWN THE BEAM DRAGGED US— INTO A CLEARING AMONG THE GREAT, WAVING PLANTS —THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!!
THEN -WHILE THE YELLOW BEAM HELD OUR SHIP DOWN -A BLUE BEAM STABBED AT US— IN AN AGONY OF VIBRATION, OUR SHIP FELL APART.
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!!
GOOD NIGHT!
AND FROM OUT OF THE FOG!—
CENTAURIANS!— I THOUGHT WE HAD ESCAPED THEM!
THEY MUST HAVE C-COLONIZED THIS PLANET!
COPYRIGHT JOHN F. DILLE CO REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WE FORGOT OUR TERRIBLE WEIGHT!- WE FLED MADLY!!
INTO THE FOREST!!
WE'LL HIDE !!
DICK CALKINS
(TO BE CONTINUED)
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Written by - Phil Nowlan
Drawn by - Dick Calkins
Buck Rogers
25th CENTURY A·D·
ON PLANET "D" WE HAD NO SOONER ESCAPED FROM A GREAT BEAST, LARGER THAN OUR SPACE SHIP THAN WE WERE BROUGHT LOW BY MYSTERIOUS BEAMS THAT STABBED UP AT US FROM THE JUNGLE – OUR SHIP WAS WRECKED BY VIBRATORY RAYS – DEFENCELESS, WE FLED MADLY TO ESCAPE CAPTURE BY MEN WHO LOOKED LIKE ALPHA CENTAURIANS – YET ALPHA CENTAURI WAS TWENTY FIVE TRILLION MILES AWAY!
Buddy Deering
FANS!
HERE'S THE STAMP YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! THIS PICTURE OF BUDDY IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES. ALURA WILL APPEAR NEXT. STAMPS OF OTHER CHARACTERS WILL FOLLOW.
BUDDY
START YOUR BUCK ROGERS ALBUM NOW!
FACE TERRIBLE FATE
OUR PURSUERS WERE GAINING GROUND AS WE ENTERED THE STRANGE, RANK GROWTH OF THE FOREST –
HOW CAN THEY BE CENTAURIANS – IT WOULD TAKE EIGHT YEARS TO GET HERE!
MAYBE THEY STARTED EIGHT YEARS AGO – WE MUST ELUDE THEM IN THIS JUNGLE!
THE WEIRD PLANTS SENSING OUR PRESENCE REACHED DOWN AND SEIZED US WITH THEIR TERRIBLE VACCUUM TIPS·
HELP!
THESE THINGS ARE ALIVE!
THE CENTAURIANS SWUNG HIGH THEIR STAFFS, AND –
THAT BLUE LIGHTNING I FELL WEAK! PARALYZED!
I DO TOO!
AND THE PLANTS DID, TOO !!!
IT AFFECTS THEM MORE THAN IT DOES US!
THEY'RE GOING LIMP – AND LETTING US DOWN!

WE WERE SO WEAK, THE CENTAURIANS CARRIED US INTO THEIR FORT.
MY MIND IS CLEAR - BUT I CAN'T RAISE A HAND!
YEAH! AND THESE CENTAURIANS FEEL THE WEIGHT TOO!
BUT ONCE INSIDE THE PORTALS, MOST OF THE WEIGHT SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR - OUR PARALYSIS PASSED.
WH-WHY, WE'RE NOT SO HEAVY ANY MORE!
THEY MUST HAVE GRAVITY-SCREENING IN THE FOUNDATIONS!
B-BUT HE'S SPEAKING TO US IN OUR OWN LANGUAGE!
THERE!- YOU CAN STAND UP NOW!
HE EXPLAINED -
YES - WE LISTENED IN ON THE RADIO ANALYSIS OF YOU AND YOUR LANGUAGE - SO YOU'RE THE SOLAR SYSTEM BEINGS WHO ESCAPED FROM THE INTERQUANTAL RADIO BEAM CONTROL! - WELL-WELL -
WELL, WHAT IF WE ARE? - WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?
Y-YES- W-WHAT?
OH NOTHING MUCH! - WHAT DO WE CARE? - YOU SEE WE'RE EXILES - WE LANDED HERE TEN YEARS AGO - WE SHOULD WORRY!
THE CENTAURIANS TREATED US WELL.
DAUGHTER - THESE ARE THE SOLAR BEINGS I TOLD YOU ABOUT- LET THEM ABSORB DINNER WITH US.
ABSORB DINNER?
YOU MEAN -
YES - THE LIGHTS CONTAIN ALL THE VITAMINS AND ENERGY YOU NEED - JUST RELAX, AND LET IT SHINE ON YOU.
COPYRIGHT JOHN F. DILLE CO REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
"THEY PUT NO GUARD OVER US AT ALL."
"THEY KNOW WE CAN'T GET AWAY - THROUGH THAT JUNGLE OF CARNIVOROUS PLANTS!"
WELL I'M GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE FREEDOM - AND SNOOP AROUND A BIT!
IT'S SETTLED THEN! - WE'LL INVADE EARTH OR VENUS, AND WIPE OUT THEIR POPULATIONS!
A FEW DAYS LATER I OVERHEARD A DISQUIETING CONVERSATION.
YES - WE'LL HAVE TO GET A PLANET CLOSER TO THE SUN - BUT WHAT WILL WE DO WITH BUDDY AND ALURA? THEY'RE CUTE LITTLE THINGS!
YES - BUT THEY'RE INFERIOR BEINGS - WE CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THEM ON A SPACE VOYAGE - WE'LL JUST ABANDON THEM HERE!
?
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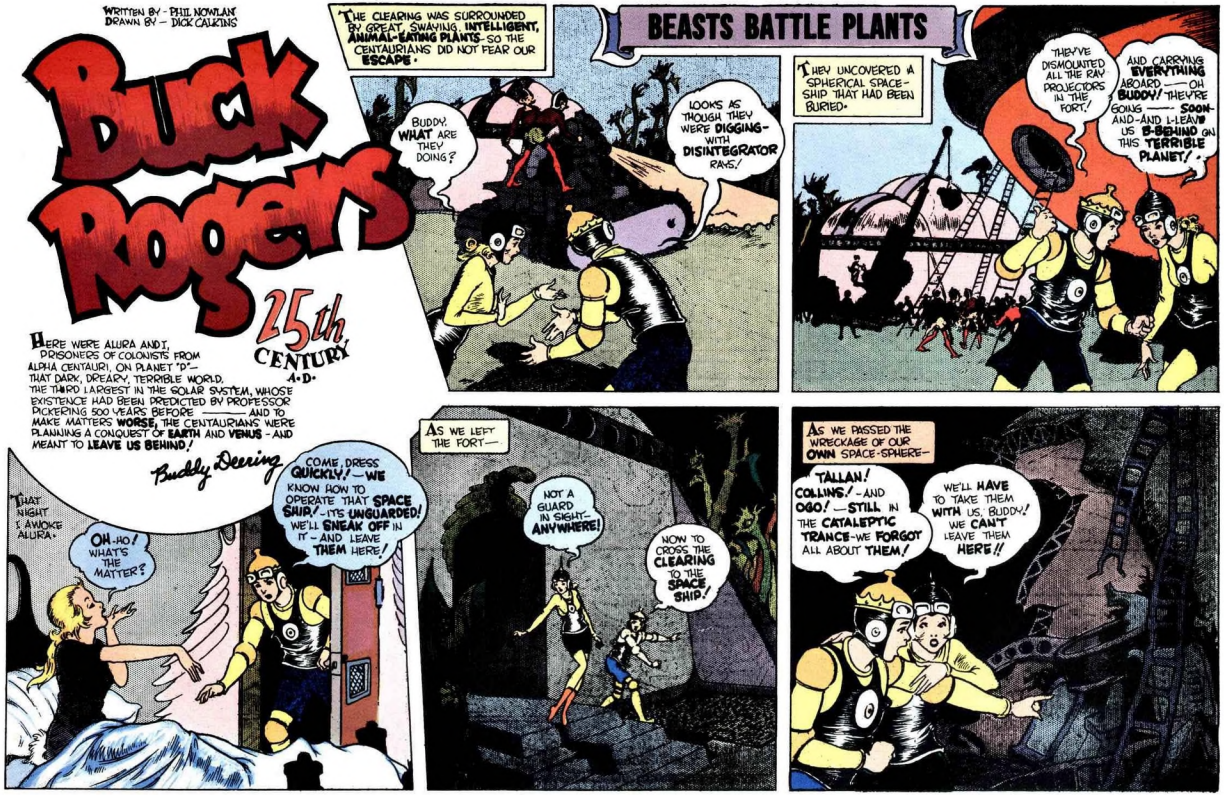
(C) BY THE CENTURY '24


WRITTEN BY - PHIL NOWLAN
DRAWN BY - DICK CALKINS
Buck Rogers
25th CENTURY A.D.
HERE WERE ALURA AND I, PRISONERS OF COLONISTS FROM ALPHA CENTAURI, ON PLANET "D"— THAT DARK, DREARY, TERRIBLE WORLD, THE THIRD LARGEST IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, WHOSE EXISTENCE HAD BEEN PREDICTED BY PROFESSOR PICKERING 500 YEARS BEFORE ——— AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE CENTAURIANS WERE PLANNING A CONQUEST OF EARTH AND VENUS - AND MEANT TO LEAVE US BEHIND!
Buddy Deering
THAT NIGHT I AWOKE ALURA.
OH-HO! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
COME, DRESS QUICKLY! - WE KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THAT SPACE SHIP! - IT'S UNGUARDED! WE'LL SNEAK OFF IN IT - AND LEAVE THEM HERE!
THE CLEARING WAS SURROUNDED BY GREAT, SWAYING, INTELLIGENT, ANIMAL-EATING PLANTS - SO THE CENTAURIANS DID NOT FEAR OUR ESCAPE.
BEASTS BATTLE PLANTS
BUDDY, WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY WERE DIGGING - WITH DISINTEGRATOR RAYS!
AS WE LEFT THE FORT—
NOT A GUARD IN SIGHT - ANYWHERE!
NOW TO CROSS THE CLEARING TO THE SPACE SHIP!
THEY UNCOVERED A SPHERICAL SPACE-SHIP THAT HAD BEEN BURIED.
THEY'VE DISMOUNTED ALL THE RAY PROJECTORS IN THE FORT!
AND CARRYING EVERYTHING ABOARD — OH BUDDY! THEY'RE GOING ——— SOON - AND - AND I - LEAVE US 5-BEHIND ON THIS TERRIBLE PLANET!
AS WE PASSED THE WRECKAGE OF OUR OWN SPACE-SPHERE—
TALLAN! COLLINS! - AND OGO! — STILL IN THE CATALEPTIC TRANCE - WE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THEM!
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEM WITH US, BUDDY! WE CAN'T LEAVE THEM HERE!!

WE DRAGGED THEM INTO THE SHIP-AND UP INTO THE CONTROL ROOM, WHERE—
THERE NOW!-MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOME WAY OF WAKING THEM SOMEDAY -I CLOSED THE PORT AFTER US, ALURA - WE MIGHT AS WELL BEAT IT NOW!
I'LL THROW THE SWITCH!
BUT AS THE SHIP ROSE, A TERRIBLE COMMOTION BROKE OUT BELOW!!
WHAT IS IT? HAVE THEY DISCOVERED OUR ESCAPE!
NO!- BUT THERE'S A PACK OF SOME KIND OF ANIMALS STRUGGLING AND FIGHTING TO TO TEAR THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CANNIBAL PLANTS!
PLANT AND BEAST WERE EMBATTLED!
THE CENTAURIANS WERE PANIC STRICKEN -THEY HAD DISMOUNTED ALL THEIR WEAPONS! — THEY WERE DEFENSELESS!!!
OOOWR!
SNARLING!-TEARING!-FIGHTING! THE BEASTS BROKE THROUGH!!!
WHILE IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE SPACE-SPHERE—
OH BUDDY!-THIS IS TERRIBLE!-WE CAN'T LET THEM BE MASSACRED!
BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?
YEEEOW!
ATTENTION FANS.!!
HERE'S THE STAMP OF ALURA THAT WAS PROMISED. CLIP AND PASTE IN YOUR ALBUMS.
BUDDY AND ALURA WILL BE GLAD TO PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPH ANY SCENE IN THIS PAGE THAT YOU ESPECIALLY LIKE OR WANT FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOKS. SIMPLY CLIP AND MAIL TO BUDDY AND ALURA IN CARE OF THIS PAPER. ENCLOSE SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED RETURN ENVELOPE.
ALURA
NEXT STAMP— SPHERICAL SPACE SHIP.

Written by Phil Nowlan
Drawn by Dick Calkins
Buck Rogers
25th CENTURY A.D.
We had landed on planet 'D' the most dismal and terrifying of all worlds revolving around our own sun - there we had been captured by colonists from Alpha Centauri, a solar system twenty-five trillion miles distant from our own - in the excitement of a terrific battle between great beasts and intelligent, fearful, animal-eating plants, Alura and I escaped in the space ship with which these colonists planned to attack Earth and Venus - but how could we leave the centaurians on that terrible world defenseless against the vicious beasts and plants?
Buddy Deering
Roaring! Snarling! - the beasts leaped toward the centaurians!!
Capital in Ruins
We had to decide instantly!
They're helpless, Buddy! They have no weapons!
That's right! They loaded them all aboard this ship! - then - then we can turn the disintegrator rays on those beasts!!
Beasts - plants - everything melted into nothingness at the touch of the beam!!
We had destroyed the beasts! - we dominated the situation!! while I stood by the projectors, Alura spoke to the centaurians.
Surrender!! You are at our mercy!
Yes, yes! We yield!
For the love of Alpha Centauri! Don't play those disintegrators on us!

WE MADE A DEAL WITH THEM.
YOU AGREE, THEN, TO ENLIST FOR ONE YEAR AND SERVE US LOYALLY.
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST YOU?
BECAUSE I -VOR-VALA- SWEAR IT - AND NO ALPHA CENTAURIAN HAS BROKEN HIS WORD!
BESIDES, WHAT DO WE CARE? WE'RE EXILES FROM OUR OWN WORLD ANYHOW!
SO WE LANDED - AND THE CENTAURIANS MARCHED ABOARD.
A FEW MOMENTS LATER - WE WERE OFF -
ON - PAST JUPITER, MARS AND EARTH WE FLASHED TOWARD VENUS.
DOWN THROUGH ITS CLOUDS WE DROPPED AT LAST.
BUT WHEN WE LANDED - WHERE OUR CAPITAL, BUDDALURA, SHOULD HAVE BEEN —
SO THIS IS VENUS!!
LOOKS A BIT BATTERED!
BATTERED!!? IT'S PLAIN WRECKED!
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?
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(TO BE CONTINUED)
JACK CALKINS
PRESENTING THE SPHERICAL SPACE SHIP OF THE ALPHA CENTAURIANS FOR YOUR STAMP COLLECTION. THIS SHIP TRAVELS THROUGH SPACE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
SPHERICAL SPACE SHIP